

A REAL HOME RULER.

HOW MISS BONNIBEL TODDLEKINS IS TO BE ATTIRED.

Why She Is Sometimes a Howling Beauty—Olive Harper Writes Cos. About the Dress of the Little Folk—for Bonnibel's Sister.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, March 15.—Who comes toddling along with her face wreathed in smiles? Why, little Miss Bonnibel Toddlekins, the "loving beauty" of the season. I say howling beauty, for it must be admitted that Miss Toddlekins is just as apt to howl as she is to smile. But she is so sweet that the worst one



THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD.

can do with her is to kiss the quivering lips and wipe away the tears that roll like crystal串珠es down the rosy cheeks, and then, all the misery and sorrow kissed away, we are at liberty to see how the little woman is to be dressed these spring days.

Bless her! She is to wear a dark hunter-green culmene cloak coming quite down to her dimpled toes and this is bordered with pink of just the right kind of yellowish brown to blend with the green. The under cloak has bishop sleeves and is made Mother Hubbard shape, so that it can be worn without the cape if the weather makes it heavy. The quaint little cap comes down below the wrists and is cut on the bias and sprung a little, but is set so that it can't be gathered at the neck.

There are a deep frill of white lace and a small turned-down collar, which in her little heart Miss Toddlekins believes is a regular "car collar," as she terms her mother's storm collar. This is also bordered with pink. Then there is a big green felt hat with a rassel brown bow and gilt quilt, and she has a queer little muff that hangs by a cord, which is a good plan, as the chubby hands are by far too restless to stay in it.

Underneath that wonderful cloak the baby wears a plaid twilled frock, made with yoke and sleeves of dark blue serge. The plaid is shirred onto the yoke and shirred at the waist line and simply hemmed at the bottom. In the house she wears a cross-barred white pincushion reaching to the bottom of the dress, but shoeless, and tied back with long strings. Miss Bonnibel has lots of pin-cushions. Some are of gray holland, and some are of the quaintest sheer muslin or lawn, embroidered or trimmed with lace—lots of lace and piles of ribbon. But these are for very best, when there is company or it is her birthday.

While 4-year-old wears long clothes reaching to her ankles, her older, ever so old sister, who is turned 8, wears hers nearly up to her knees. She has wash silk gowins and gingham frocks and homespun and cheviot, and in fact just the same kind of stuff as her mamma,



THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD.

only those for the child are generally darker. It makes the child's face look like a snowdrop peeping up from a flowerpot.

Bonnibel's sister then has a hairline gingham frock made short and with six tucks. It is gathered to a belt, and there is a pretty yoke waist, with the gingham frilled on to it by a close shirring, leaving a ruffle to stand up all around. The full sleeves are made in the same way—the ruffle turned by机器. Sometimes there is a hemmed sash of the dress material tied in a bow in the back. These sash bows are both pretty and dressy.

This little girl has been promoted to the new oxford ties, and they have ribbon bows on the fasteners.

When she goes out, she wears an ulster or a redingote of cheviot or kersey for every day and perhaps a velvet one for church. She can have a smaller hat, too, of stiff fel or straw, with short plumes or flowers. She is just as sweet and dear as Bonnibel, but isn't it odd that the older they grow the shorter their dresses get?

OLIVE HARPER.

SHE BROUGHT IT BACK.

A Indignant Woman, a Police Salesman and a Damaged Umbrella.

Last week an up town woman bought an umbrella. It was a beautiful umbrella. And the heart of the woman was glad as she paid out \$4.75 and enjoyed her purchase sent home.

When it arrives, she slips off the cover to glot over her treasures. She turns it over and over, admiring and rejoicing when suddenly a Frenchman meets her eye. On the handle, midway between the slide which opens it and the polished sphere of bone that is so satisfying, are two scratches deep enough to penetrate the blue enamel and lay bare two dull gray spots of stick. They are not large, to be sure, but they are there, and the spirit of the woman arises in revolt. She has been imposed upon, but she will have retribution.

Early the next day she takes her umbrella and hurries to the shop where she bought it and straight to the department provided over by that sensible and deserving salesman. He is there, still suave and evidently unassuming.

"You remember selling me this umbrella yesterday?" she begins.

"Yes, madam."

"I find that it is damaged, and I wish to return it."

"Damaged, madam?"

"Yes, here on the handle," and the two spots are shown.

"Oh, I see." A pause. "It's not very serious, madam."

"Sufficiently however to make me wish to exchange it for a perfect one."

"Certainly, madam." He takes the umbrella and begins to hand down several from behind him.

"I wish a blue one," says the woman.

"These are black."

"There are no more blue ones in that lot, madam. You remember there were only two, and the other is gone. I sold it yesterday afternoon."

The woman had not remembered.

"Then," firmly, "I shall have to have my money refunded."

"Certainly, madam."

"And you will see that the next purchaser of the umbrella knows that it is damaged?" This with an air of high principle.

"Undoubtedly, madam. I hope you understand that I did not perceive the defect when I sold it to you."

"I think it may have escaped your notice," with nimble consciousness. "And now my money, please, as I am in a hurry."

"Do you wish cash or credit?"

"Cash. I have no other purchases to make."

"Very well, madam." He fills out an order and beckons a floorwalker. That dignified official approaches. The situation is explained to him and the order submitted for his signature. "The umbrella is from this special lot, you know, Mr. Smith," adds the salesman, "which we can never duplicate."

"Certainly, certainly," indorses the floorwalker. "We are most willing to take it back."

The order is sent to the desk to be cashed. The woman waits. After a moment she says: "I need an umbrella badly. I will look over your stock again. Show me that one."

"This is a very fine one," the salesman says. "The silk is the same as that in the one you bought. The finish of the handle is somewhat better."

"It is not so pretty. How much is it?"

"Eight sixty-five."

"Oh, that is too high. There's a pretty one."

"Yes, madam." Takes it down. "Nine twenty-five."

"Wait a moment. You ought to make a concession in my disappointment."

"It is impossible, madam, in these goods. They are marked very closely."

The stock is looked over and over. The cheap ones are not blue, and the blue ones are not cheap. The clerks are most curiously attentive. At length the woman picks up the umbrella she has bought back.

"If I should take this again, it seems right that I should have a reduction for the defect."

"Ordinarily, madam, we would be glad to give it. But that umbrella damaged is worth considerably more than its price."

"But it was sold to me as perfect as that price."

"Still, madam, it is so little short of perfect that its remarkable value does not affect. I can sell that umbrella today for \$4.05 with the defect carefully pointed out."

The money arrives from the desk. It is counted out to the woman. She opens her purse and is about to put it in. Then she puts it down.

"I believe, after all," she says, without embarrassment, "I will take this umbrella again." And picking it up, she walks calmly away.—New York Times.

Her Age.

The youth was waiting in the reception room for the young lady to come down stairs when the small brother sauntered in with the well known "uncles" and "aunt" fair which charmed him in conversation to white away the time. After a few minutes of general talk the elder thought he would take advantage of his opportunities and gain a few items of information not otherwise obtainable, so he went to the boy, "Young man, Johnnie, I inquire, is my old is your sister?"

Hobgoblin thought a minute.

"Well," he replied after due deliberation, "I don't know exactly, but my sis she is old enough to know better than to let a chap like you come to see her all the time."—Detroit Free Press.

Test of Beauty.

Mrs. Upton—Seeing my daughter every day, I never noticed that she was particularly nice looking, but this afternoon I discovered that she is entrancingly beautiful.

Mr. Upton—Ed? This afternoon?

Mrs. Upton—Yes. We entered a street car, and two young gentlemen gave us their seats.—New York Weekly.

Hard to Please.



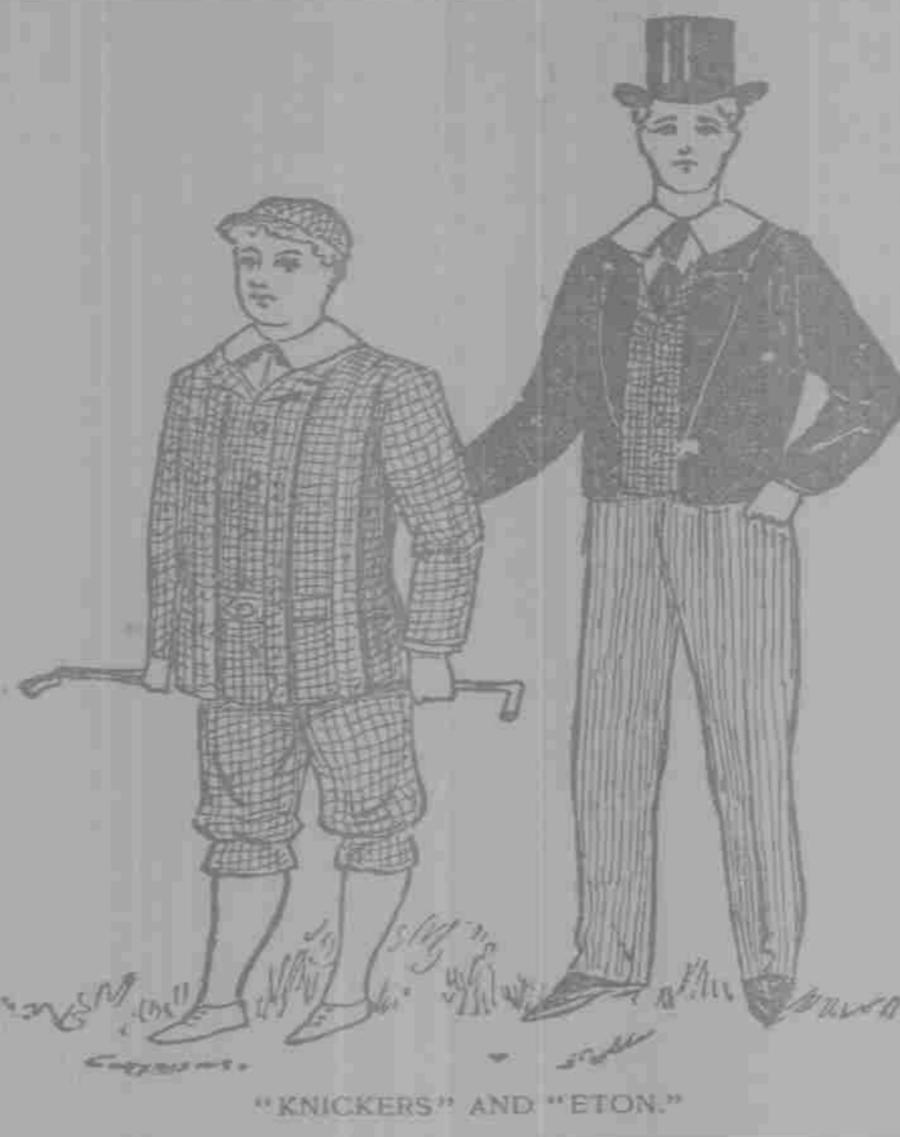
Wife sat the breakfast table—You are without exception the most obnoxious, ill-tempered man I ever saw!

Husband—Why, my dear, what can you mean?

Wife breaking down—Just because the coffee happens to be vile for once you declare that it is all right!—Truth.

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